Confession
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Confession

by ElizaD

Summary

Hannibal decides it it time for Will to learn the truth. Will takes it worse than he'd hoped and forces Hannibal to take drastic action

Notes

This is my holiday fic for pancake day. I understand that many of you will not celebrate pancake day but that certain places have their own version. Traditionally, this day is the start of lent and pancakes were a way to use up all the rich food that could not be eaten during lent. It is also know as shrove Tuesday as it was a day of confession. I'd love to hear what you all do for this holiday.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will rang Hannibal’s doorbell at seven o’clock on a grey Tuesday evening. Their usual appointments were on Thursdays although Hannibal often invited him for dinner on Friday evenings. He had been quite insistent at their last meeting that Will would come for dinner on Tuesday and when Will asked what he could bring Hannibal requested a sweet dessert wine.

Hannibal opened the door mere seconds after Will rang. Will's eyes widened when he looked at him. He blinked once and then again, struggling to understand what he was seeing. Hannibal was not dressed too unusually, smart dark slacks and a crisp white shirt with the collar open, no tie or waistcoat, but he often forwent those when cooking. What had surprised Will was that Hannibal's face was half obscured by a deep red mask. It covered the top half of his face, ending just under his cheekbones and had short black horns sprouting from his forehead. There was a collection of black and red feathers surrounding the top of the mask. "Come in, Will," he said with a welcoming smile. Will did so, looking at Hannibal strangely, Hannibal took the offered wine and read the label. "An excellent choice, Will," he said politely.

"Hello, Doctor Lecter," Will greeted. "Is there a reason you're in fancy dress?" Will asked.

"Of course. I thought most southern states celebrated Fat tuesday?" Hannibal answered.

"Yeah, I did when I was younger but everyone just ate a lot and there were no masks," Will said.

"In Lithuania we have a similar holiday, we call it Uzgavenes. Mostly it was celebrated by large parties in the streets but the most important parts were the feasting on sweet and decadent foods while wearing certain masks. It was a wonderful celebration to mark the start of lent. The British call it shrove Tuesday and it is considered to be a day for confessing and eating," Hannibal explained.

"So we're feasting?" Will asked.

"Yes Will, and I have quite outdone myself today," Hannibal said, his white teeth looking sharper than ever beneath the mask. He gestured for Will to follow him to the dining room where he poured the wine. The table was covered with a collection of rich foods, thick pancakes drizzled in syrup along with donuts, iced cakes and donuts all torn into bite sized pieces. There was a large mask in front of Will's normal seat. "Indulge me?" Hannibal requested holding the mask out to Will.

The mask was beautiful, the fabric was decorated with emerald and sapphire coloured fabric surrounded by a plume of similar feathers with small jewels on the tips. Hannibal moved behind Will to secure the ribbons holding it in place, gently smoothing his hair out of the way. "So you are the devil, what am I?" Will asked.

"A peacock," Hannibal answered. "It is not one of the traditional masks associated with the festival but when I was searching for a mask for you I saw the colours of this and thought it would suit you best. I was right, please sit."

"It seems weird to be wearing masks when it's just us," Will said.

"I thought it would be fun," Hannibal said kindly. He speared a piece of pancake on his fork and held it to Will's lips. "Here, try this?" He urged.

Will rested his hand over Hannibal's and parted his lips, taking the sticky treat. "Wow, that's phenomenal," Will said. "Very sweet."

"Everything here is," Hannibal said. "Sweet and rich, all the sort of things that would not have been eaten during lent, a sombre occasion."

"When Jesus wandered the desert and the devil tried to tempt him," Will recalled, helping himself to a selection from their buffet.

"Very good," Hannibal answered. "Those following the tradition would originally abstain from

alcohol, chocolate, dairy, red meat on a Friday and even sex. Now most only choose one thing to give up."

"What do you plan on giving up?" Will asked.

"I will not be buying any new suits or ties for the next forty days," Hannibal answered him.

"I think you already have all the suits and ties," Will commented.

"I am loath to give up any kind of food or drink, so clothes are the next best thing," he claimed. "What about you?"

"I don't really observe many religious holidays," Will answered.

"I find Easter is more enjoyable after abstaining," Hannibal said.

"I loved Easter," Will said with a bright grin. "All the chocolate and painting eggs in school. I miss it to be honest," Will admitted looking a little embarrassed.

"There is no reason you cannot do so as an adult," Hannibal said.

"Seems childish to paint eggs at this age," Will said.

"Painting on a canvas is not considered childish," Hannibal argued. "Besides, as your therapist I recommend artistic expression."

"You're recommending I paint eggs?" Will asked, raising an eyebrow that was hidden by feathers and velvet.

"Yes I am, as well as eating copious amounts of chocolate and other sweet things," Hannibal said, biting into a light lemon cake.

"You're in a very good mood," Will observed.

"Yes, I am," Hannibal said, with an enigmatic smile.

"Maybe I should bake?" Will suggested with a laugh, before moaning at a thick and sticky honey cake. "Though I never made anything this delicious."

"Do you have an interest in baking?" Hannibal asked.

"I used to, but I don't have the energy sometimes," Will said. "Plus it's hard to figure out the measurements for one person."

"Did it bring you joy?" Hannibal asked.

"Yes, Maria Konda," Will said, rolling his eyes.

"Marie Kondo," Hannibal corrected. "I would like to see you explore the things that make you happy and re-experience joyful moments from your childhood."

"Why?" Will asked curiously.

"You are faced with horrific things everyday, leaving no room in your mind for the things you love," Hannibal answered. "I am tasked with your mental wellbeing Will. Finding simple delights can do wonders as does exploring hobbies. Like your dogs, they bring you happiness simply by

existing."

"Yeah, they do," Will said, with a smile. "I'm gonna have a serious sugar crash from this," he grinned, his lips dusted with icing sugar.

"What was your favourite thing to bake?" Hannibal asked.

"Chocolate cake," Will answered. "When I was studying I'd make them at least once a month, living with other students it always got eaten. Now it would be a waste."

"Come here on Easter, Will?" Hannibal asked. "We can paint eggs, I will make dinner and you can bake a chocolate cake."

"Are you serious?" Will asked.

"Absolutely," Hannibal answered.

"I might make a mess in your fancy kitchen?" Will warned. "I always did, flour all over me, the counter, everywhere."

"A kitchen can be cleaned," Hannibal said, although there was a noticeable tightness in his jaw at the idea of his pristine room being messy. It was worth it to see Will working in his kitchen, filling it with gorgeous scents with a dash of flour on his nose. "Please?"

"Okay," Will said, blushing a little.

"Wonderful," Hannibal purred. "Are you enjoying your feast?" Hannibal asked.

"Yes, very much. some of these desserts I don't even recognise," Will said. "But everything tastes amazing."

"Thank you," he took a twisted piece of pastry and tore off a chunk before presenting it to will. "Žagarėliai," he said. "I promise you, it is delicious," he assured Will with a smile.

Will obediently opened his mouth and accepted the sugar dusted treat, grinning as he bit into the crunchy sweetness. "That's amazing."

"The name translates as angel wings," Hannibal said, softly, gazing at the way Will's lips moved.

"Žagarėliai," Will repeated carefully.

"Beautifully spoken," Hannibal complemented. "It seems your tongue is as talented as your mind," Will blushed and looked down, missing Hannibal's smile widening at his reaction to the suggestive comment.

Will was drinking more than usual, the wine was sparkling and sweet and although the servings were small, many of the desserts were dense and rich. Hannibal taught Will the names of several of the desserts from his home land, becoming more animated at Will's appreciative reactions. "I'm not sure I can eat much more," Will said an hour later.

"One more thing you absolutely must try," Hannibal said, reaching for a slice of some sort of chocolate rectangle.

"This is called Tinginys, or lazy cake. It is not baked but kept in the fridge overnight. It is my favourite dessert from all the many places I have visited," Hannibal explained.

Will was less the co-ordinated and his lips brushed Hannibal's fingertips as he took the mix of melted butter, cookies and cacao powder. Hannibal let his fingers linger close to Will's face as he closed his eyes, humming at the dessert. "I need to visit Lithuania if the food is this good," he said with a lazy smile.

"I will cook you the best of its cuisine," Hannibal promised. "In exchange for chocolate cake," Will laughed and nodded.

"Are there any other traditions you want to include?" Will asked.

"One," Hannibal said. "It may seem like an unorthodox form of therapy but I hope you will appreciate the experience nonetheless."

"We don't normally do therapy at dinner," Will said.

"Therapy is all about you, Will," Hannibal said. "This is not what this is, it is about both of us expressing vulnerability and moving closer."

"Not for therapy purposes?" Will said.

"No, for the purpose of our relationships," Hannibal answered him. "Relationships with people as well as dogs are good for you. You know I only want what is best for you," Hannibal said warmly.

"I know," Will admitted. "What?" He asked when Hannibal's smile widened.

"I am glad that you now trust that," Hannibal answered, "You would not have done that only a few months ago."

"I don't have any reasons not to trust you," Will said honestly, briefly meeting Hannibal's dark eyes. "You're probably my closest friend."

"I feel very similar," Hannibal answered, carefully choosing his words. "Finish your drink and we can move on," Will drained his glass, licking his lips to catch the last drops. "Just a moment," Hannibal said before moving into the kitchen.

He returned and handed Will a small measure of a dark spirit. "Sip, it is deceptively strong," he warned. Will took a sip and hummed as the liquid travelled down and warmed him. "Come, there is a better place to do this."

Will calmly followed Hannibal out into the hallway where he paused. "Would you please leave your shoes by the door?" Hannibal requested. Will looked confused but obliged. "Thank you, Will. My carpets upstairs are more expensive and I would not have shoes treading on it," he left his own shoes by the door before leading Will up the stairs, the carpet soft and thick beneath their feet.

Hannibal opened the door, allowing Will to enter the bedroom first. He turned a light switch, giving the room a dim glow and shut the door, locking it discreetly behind him. Hannibal's bedroom was decorated in vibrant jewel tones and luxurious fabrics. There was less art than Will would assume, the focus pulled to a large painting featuring wood nymphs frockling in a stream, surrounded by blooming flowers. "This is beautiful," Will commented, feeling self-conscious in the private space.

"Thank you," Hannibal said. "That painting took me a great many months but it was very worth it. It means more to me than most physical possessions"

"Wow, incredible," Will mused, examining the painting for smaller details, new features seeming

to appear before his eyes.

“Please take a seat,” Hannibal said, gesturing to a chair, opposite his own, nodding when Will did so. “Do you remember what I told you about the British traditions surrounding this date?”

“People would go to confession, right?” Will said.

“That is correct. I would like to observe that tradition. I have personally never given a confession and if I was to tell you my every sin we would be here until next Christmas,” Hannibal explained. “Thus, I suggest we limit ourselves to one confession, do you understand?”

“I’m not sure why you want to do this?” Will said with uncertainty.

“It is difficult to explain but I promise you will understand soon, but I need your confession first,” Hannibal said.

“I don’t think I want to do this,” Will said, looking down.

“Will,” Hannibal waited for him to look up. “I can promise you that no matter what you say it will stay between you and me.”

“I’m not your patient,” Will reminded him.

“No. I promise this as your friend. Whatever you trust me with I will keep confidential. Even royalty had their confidants,” Hannibal said, placing a hand over Will’s, warm and comforting.

“In a church there is a barrier. I know it can be seen though but it helps,” Will said,

“Will a symbolic barrier make you feel more comfortable?” Hannibal asked, Will nodded.

Hannibal stood and offered his hand to Will, helping him to stand too. He led Will to the bed and gently pushed him to sit on the edge. Will’s throat bobbed as he swallowed, gazing up at Hannibal through his mask. Hannibal drew a gauzy topaz curtain along the length of the bed, a veil between them. Hannibal moved his chair to sit opposite Will and waited. “Give me your confession, Will.”

Will looked down. “I really don’t think I want to do this,” Will repeated, crossing his legs and making himself smaller.

“Trust me,” Hannibal urged softly.

“I have nightmares about the killers I go after. But in the dreams… I am the killer. I dream about slitting Abigail's throat like her Dad would have and more and more the person I am…,” he swallowed thickly as his voice trembled. “I’m with the Chesapeake Ripper.”

“With?” Hannibal prompted.

“I’m helping him do his work,” Will said.

“Can you see him?” Hannibal asked.

“Not exactly,” Will said. “In the dreams he looks like a monster. Tall and dark skinned, like ash with bright white eyes and antlers on his head,” he described, hands moving through his own curls. “I am arranging his display but he’s with me the whole time, guiding me, he doesn’t speak, our connection is deeper. I’m not afraid of him, or it. Even when his clawed hands are on my body and I can feel his hot breath on my skin, he is always so close, touching, smelling me. He’s a predator but I feel safe, on equal footing,” Will explained, the words running together.

“There is more,” Hannibal stated.

“Yes,” Will said, his voice was rough and low. He met Hannibal’s eyes, blazing into him from behind his sinister mask. “When I wake up from these dreams I’m…” he paused, eyes closed and he forced out the word. “Hard,” it was as if the stone was rolled away and his words gushed out. “I don’t understand it, but I wake up and I’m hard and hot and throbbing, leaking and so close to orgasm, my hand already wrapped around me before I even open my eyes. I used to throw up after those dreams but when it’s the Ripper…” he trailed off as a tear slipped below the line of his mask, falling onto the jade green spread under him. Hannibal licked his lips, inhaling the salty taste of his tears.

“Do you touch yourself when you wake-up?” Hannibal asked. “Bring yourself to orgasm?”

“I can’t help it,” Will gasped, trembling slightly. “I wake up in my hand and so damn close, it takes seconds.”

“Do the Ripper’s displays excite you?” Hannibal asked, mouth parted in wonder.

“They fascinated me,” Will answered. “But now… I don’t know how I feel, I don’t understand it.”

“You should not feel guilty for the way your body reacts to stimulus,” Will said. “Do you want to kill?”

“No,” Will said firmly. “I killed Garret-Jacob Hobbs because I had to but I don’t ever want to need to do that again.”

“Even though you enjoyed it?” Hannibal pressed.

“Yes,” Will croaked.

Silence lingered in the dim room, as they watched each other through the veil.

“Will you hear my confession Will?” Hannibal breathed, barely holding onto his self control.

“Yes.”

“I am the Chesapeake Ripper,” Will’s only response was a quick intake of breath. “And the copycat. I apologise for deceiving you for so long.”

“No,” Will said. “The Ripper is a sociopath, you don’t fit the profile.”

“You read Mirium Lasses’ notes, they call him a sociopath because they don’t know what else to call him; me," Hannibal said.

“She said he was caucasian but exotic and intelligent, he could present a perfectly normal face to the world,” he stopped. “Oh God. Why are you telling me this!” He covered his mouth, surprised at his own loud outburst.

“You are closer than you know to reaching the conclusion than you realise, you clever boy,” Hannibal said with a small smile. “When was the first time you saw the monster version of the ripper in your dream? Do you recall what you had seen that day?”

“We caught the organ harvester, I saw you with your hands in a man,” Will said.

“Yes. I saw it click for you then, you knew, but your conscious mind refused to accept it and buried it deep where only your dreams could reach it,” Hannibal said.

“I didn’t know,” Will insisted. “If I had any idea I would have told Jack.”

“I believe that may have been why your realisation stayed in your subconscious,” Hannibal said. “A desire to not lose your closest friend.”

“You are not my friend,” Will hissed viciously.

“I am Will. I am the same person you called your closest friend. The person you always smile at when I open the door,” he smiled at that himself. “You know me. I am the figure in your dreams, the one you are connected to, the one guiding you, the one who excites you so strongly.”

“No,” Will gasped, shaking his head.

“If you had told Jack, and he believed you, what would the consequences have been?” Hannibal asked.

“He would have shot you,” Will answered. “Even unarmed he probably would have, or you would end up in a hospital for the criminally insane forever, top security.”

“Or received the death penalty,” Hannibal said.

“No jury would find you sane,” Will said. “We both know you are but after seeing those displays, the insanity defence would fly easily.”

“We would be parted forever,” Hannibal said. “You cannot say you wanted that,” Will didn’t answer him. “You still do not want that.”

“Don’t tell me what I feel,” Will said. “Why did you tell me this when you know I have to tell Jack?” He asked.

“I felt it would have been better coming from me,” Hannibal said, calmly. “In a way in which we could discuss your feelings and what you will do now.”

“I have to tell Jack,” Will said, standing up and coming out from behind the fabric as Hannibal stood.

“No,” he said calmly. Will stared at him for a moment before moving to the door and pulling the handle, finding it locked.

“Open the door,” he said, fighting the fear in his voice.

“No, please sit down and we can discuss this calmly,” Hannibal said.

Will felt his body flush and tore the mask off before dropping it onto the floor. “FUCK YOU!” He screamed, moving into Hannibal’s personal space.

“I understand you are angry with me but there is no need for that language, Will,” Hannibal said, taking his seat. “Please sit down and let us discuss this like civilised people.”

Will stared at him in shock for a minute or two before realising he was being completely serious. He flew at the door, kicking and clawing at the wood and screaming. “Let me out! Let me out! Open this door now, I’m calling Jack! Open this door or I will kill you!” He shrieked.

“Will you?” Hannibal asked curiously.

“Yes,” Will growled, turning to face Hannibal fully. “I will kill you with bare hands you fucking

monster."

"Please, Will," Hannibal said, turning his eyes down. "There is nothing to be gained by you trying to hurt me, verbally or physically."

"I HATE YOU!" Will bellowed, moving closer to Hannibal. "YOU ARE EVIL AND I WILL NEVER FORGIVE YOU!"

"What is it I need your forgiveness for?" Hannibal asked sharply. "I never actually lied to you nor sent you in opposite directions. I hurt no-one you care about and I have not hurt you. Are you simply defensive that I have forced you to accept your feelings?" He asked.

"I feel hate!" Will ground out.

"You knew who I was, have done for weeks but denied it to yourself rather than lose me. At the same time you began to dream of joining, connecting with the Ripper, with me. Dreams that left you aroused and aching. You desire me," he said, his low voice almost caressing the words as he moved closer to Will. Will took a step back, his back colliding with the door as Hannibal came ever closer, bending to sniff Will's neck. "You are aroused now."

"No."

"Dilated eyes, increased heart rate, raised temperature, flushed cheeks," Hannibal said with a small smile. Will felt like his head was spinning, the scent of Hannibal's cologne and the softness of his voice, even the vision of his face, still half obscured by the dark mask, made his heart hammer and his skin vibrate. "You are confused. Social ethics tell you that this attraction is wrong, that you need to turn me in as soon as possible. But you are not a slave to these norms, darling, you are above the shallow idea of good and evil. You can have what you want," his lips were less than an inch from Will's. "You can have your Ripper," he moaned.

Hannibal was surprised when Will suddenly punched him in the face, forcing him to step back. He had not recovered before Will came after him again, striking at him wildly and snarling like a wild animal. The first punch had been hard but he was too uncontrolled and wild to cause further damage, like a child throwing a tantrum. Hannibal eventually caught his wrists, holding him close. "Stop this, Will," he said firmly. Will tried to wrench his hands free with a wail but Hannibal held fast until Will ceased his struggling and took several deep breaths, coming visibly more calm. When Will looked up into Hannibal's dark eyes he let his tense muscles release. Hannibal smiled warmly at him, his grip loosening slightly. He yanked Will forward, smothering his surprised sound with his mouth, moaning deeply as he slid his tongue between Will's protesting lips, tasting sweetness in his mouth. Will managed to pull back, mouth open and breathing heavily, staring at Hannibal in shock. "You have wanted that as long as I have," Hannibal told him.

"No!" Will said, spitting on Hannibal's face.

"Do not do that again Will," Hannibal said, his voice dangerous. "I am trying to be as understanding as possible but I will not tolerate rudeness. If you are not ready to discuss this without lashing out at me then I can leave this room until you are. I do not want us to reach the point where I feel the need to hurt you," he said, struggling to remain calm as he reached for a tissue on his bedside table and cleaned his face.

"How about you stay in this room and I leave," Will snarled.

"I cannot allow that until you calm down and admit that you do not want to turn me in," Hannibal said. He turned towards the door.

“Wait!” Will called, sounding vulnerable. “You’re right, I’m confused, overwhelmed,” he said, voice trembling. “I do have very… strong feelings for you,” he admitted. “Learning the truth, it is hard to deal with,” he said, gazing up at Hannibal through thick lashes, eyes gleaming, his pink tongue darting out over his bottom lip. “I don’t have the words but I think I know a way to show you how I feel,” he crept closer nervously.

“Go ahead, dearest,” Hannibal said, staring at him fondly.

Will nodded and stepped closer to the painting. For the first time he saw a shadowy creature watching the innocent creatures, blood dripping from its razor sharp teeth. He traced his hand along the mahogany frame. With a roar he tore the painting from the wall and shattered the frame against the four poster bed before ripping the canvas below. “Fuck you! I hate you!” He repeated, baring his teeth.

Hannibal sighed. “That was very hurtful,” he said, anger quivering in his voice. He was clearly holding himself back and Will felt a surge of triumph.

“Good!” Will barked. “It should.”

“You are being entirely unreasonable,” Hannibal said regretfully. “I will leave you to calm down,” he said walking towards the door. Will crashed into him from behind and the world spun for a minute before he found himself staring at Will’s stormy eyes as he felt calloused hands tightening around his neck. He brought a hand to Will’s straining wrists, caressing the skin.“Will, please stop this,” gritting his teeth Will tightening his grip, cutting off Hannibal’s ability to speak and restricting his breath. Hannibal regarded him mournfully before striking Will in the face and splitting his lip open, blood running over his chin. He broke Will’s grip on his neck easily and retrieved a syringe from his pocket, injecting a sedative into Will’s throat, and catching him in his arms as he lost consciousness. “Hush, darling, it will be okay,” he said, pressing a kiss to Will’s forehead. His gaze travelled to the wrecked painting. “I wish you had not done that, beloved.”

He lifted Will into his arms before unlocking the door and carrying him bridal style to the top floor. Hannibal took Will to the room he had prepared for him, placing him on the soft bed, securing the door with a computerised lock.

He brushed Will's curls back tenderly, admiring his beauty. Leaning in close, Hannibal inhaled the smell of his blood, licking a trail of the warm liquid, closing his eyes in ecstasy at the taste. Hannibal scowled when he saw that his cuff was stained with Will’s blood. He stripped off and donned a robe before preparing Will, he would wake up soon. Once ready, Hannibal took a seat watching over Will.

The mask obscuring his heartbreak.

End Notes

This is the a start of a new series. I have had several idea for Will in captivity however not well enough for it be more than a collection of single scenes to that is what I will be doing. So when reading those pieces you will know how Will came to be locked in Hannibal's attic.

I would really love suggestions for scenes in this series.

As always, kudos and comments bring me joy, while constructive criticism and requests are always gratefully received.

Survive, live and thrive and, whenever possible, eat the rude.

XXX

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!